



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

## POLAND'S WOMEN

BY CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

---

"POLAND is the most discouraging country in Europe." A second group of passport and customs officials on one side only of the frontier of the third young nation to which our train de luxe had so far victoriously battled, had just invaded our compartment (all such superfluous pre-war formalities as knocking or calling having been long since discarded) to announce that in fifteen minutes, that is, at 2:30 a. m., in the rain, we must descend from the train with all pieces of luggage for a two hours' border inspection. After which, if this particular young nation consented, we might attempt to get on to the next.

Obviously, this night's effort, like others, to recover long arrears of sleep would prove futile, so my Zurich to Warsaw compartment mate felt justified in making at least one pronouncement. It touched Poland, because Poland is uppermost in the mind of most persons who have grappled with the Near East situation. It was comprehensive, and uttered in a tone of weary despair—the disheartened conclusion of one who had gone to Poland several months before in the hope of seeing set up the machinery of sudden justice for a long-despised twelfth of the population. "Border, all out!"—and as we struggled down into the rain she repeated, "Poland's problems are simply unsolvable."

This conclusion echoed an opening statement in a conversation I had had a short time before with Madam Sobanska, a brilliant Polish woman of that brilliant plains capital, Warsaw. But she had swiftly retracted it. "No," she said, "I withdraw that remark to ask, instead, if we have any right to demand of a people, brutally held apart during one hundred and fifty years in three separate divisions and each subjected to a special variety of slavery, a sudden capacity for common initiative and organized ef-

fort? Should a century and a half of oppression be considered a training period in methods of state-building? Instead of expressing discouragement, I should say that what we are today seeing accomplished is astonishing and full of promise for the future.

"In my particular work, for instance (Madame is President of the National Woman's Organization); of trying to educate all Polish women for citizenship, for a clearer sense of national ideals and a united push back of them, though at times I feel powerless before a great inertia, I am yet for the most part genuinely encouraged. And I never forget how potent the Polish women's part in the launching of the new state has already proved."

And here I wish to interrupt Madame Sobanska to say that in no other country I have visited, nor in our own, have I heard such frank and warm-hearted appreciation of the importance of woman's co-operation in all activities as I have from the men of Poland. The most striking quality in this expression was its spontaneousness. It gave not at all, as is so often true of admissions or acknowledgments elsewhere, the impression of a realization arrived at after long or bitter struggle. It was simple and big, unqualified and happy. When I asked for an explanation of this interesting attitude, I was told that it was due, at least partly, to the fact that in the better class Polish home women have for centuries held a remarkable position, one of fine comradeship and co-operation.

But to return to the President of the National Woman's Organization. "Until 1905," she was saying, "in my particular third of dismembered Poland, the Russian-ruled part called Congress Poland, we were forbidden to form a society of any kind whatsoever. And even after 1905, we had no real right to do so; for what the Russian gave with one hand he took away with the other. Should we expect our people, then, instantly to recognize the value and method of centralized effort?"

"And yet see what our Woman's League alone has already accomplished. Today we have branches in each of the three geographical divisions of resurrected Poland. Each of these tries to cover its territory and to correlate the work of other organizations. Beneath all the surface variations, past and present, in the social, economic, and political structure of my long-martyred country, there has persisted

the unalterable welding force of Polish patriotism. On that we build."

Having heard much of the Pole as a patriot and a dreamer, I interrupted, "But just how practical are the aims of your League, with its far-flung motto 'For God and the Motherland'?"

"Just this practical," she flashed back, "that any intelligent citizen will tell you that the first coalition government, which stabilized the newly re-created Polish state, was made possible because of the Polish women's vote, and the League had an important part in educating that vote."

I was not surprised at this statement, since I had heard it made two months earlier by the Polish Minister at Washington.

"We have tried to teach that the Polish woman's first duty in this uncertain, formative period is to act as a steady-ing and constructive force. The socialists gave us, practically without our solicitation, for we had not yet had time for any concerted demand, the vote; and we have used it with power in conservative action. Already at the end of November, 1918, the reports of the first election to the Legislative Diet showed how energetic had been the co-operation of the fifteen thousand women then active in the National Woman's Organization. They had aided directly in the victory of the national election lists, especially in Warsaw, but also wherever there was the smallest sub-committee. We were, moreover, later, as I have said, an important factor in securing the Paderewski coalition cabinet.

"And we are just this practical," she continued; "we believe in the power of printed appeal and instruction, but we have early found our work in this field blocked by the uncertainty of the industrial situation. Strikes and the mounting cost of paper and printing (the smallest pamphlet today costs the equivalent of a pre-war dollar and a half) have completely threatened our correspondence programme. Now, men printers do not admit women to their union; so we proposed aiding the daughters of professors and other members of the *Intelligentsia*, who must earn their living, to form a union of women printers. We will train them to support themselves and at the same time to render a great patriotic service. They are waiting—so eager to begin. We are ready to train them; we have chosen one printing-house; we have everything but the money (and

it is not a large sum that we need) to finance the undertaking.

"Our plans are all made, too (and they require less money to realize) for establishing a big, independent city bakery to be run by women, whose business it will be to keep down the cost of bread; to act as a check on profiteering and on unwarranted strikes. The very fact that we have two hundred women waiting to turn to the ovens as soon as we can set them up, prevented a recently proposed bakers' strike. This work we consider quite in line with our avowed policy of trying to force a stabilizing and constructive programme. Am I answering your fears?" she smiled.

I happened to know, too, that this particular Warsaw leader had just offered her services and those of a squadron of her women to the Government for work in the plebiscite areas. How few of us here in America realize that Poland with all she has to face after one hundred and fifty years of Russian-German-Austrian oppression, was left by the Paris Peace Conference practically without borders! Two short strips of determined frontier, and for the rest, the festering sores of five major plebiscite areas, and the supreme peril of an open question along the East. Poland's thought and determination have been so focussed on this eastern danger that she has had little time to devote to the also vitally important plebiscite territories. And these devoted women of the National Organization are now volunteering to go into them wherever the Government may prefer, and to do their best to counteract the active propaganda of the rival claimants, Germany and Czecho-Slovakia. They were counting on the arrival of their English friend and great lover of Poland, Miss Alma Tadema, who has offered to go with them.

I had other conversations with Madame Sobanska and with her Warsaw central committee, each one leaving me with a stronger impression of the brilliancy and energy of these women of the Great Slavic plains of the north. At the close of one of them, with a half-weary, half-whimsical smile, Madame Sobanska said suddenly, "It must be very pleasant to go away, as you do, Madame, to work for the women of some other country! I am afraid the fate of the Polish women of this generation, at least, is to remain always on the spot!"

The chief difficulty in writing about Poland is that from

whatever angle one looks at it, it appears of volume, and not article, size. For example, the scope of the work of this single National Woman's Organization is so great that I should have liked to follow that alone during all my stay.

But I was interested, really, primarily in the kitchens that have kept a million three hundred thousand children alive during this year. And after visiting those in Warsaw with Mrs. Palmer Fuller, the wife of Mr. Hoover's representative, I turned southward toward Galicia. But not before thanking heaven and the United States for such tense, terse, young Americans as these in Warsaw, who with others like them are replenishing with the healing waters of their fine ideality and virility, the drying world-fountain.

From Warsaw, I traveled southward over apparently limitless plains, that have something of the fascination of the desert, to Cracow, now a quaint mediaeval university town, but formerly the proud seat of Poland's royal dynasties. And from there I went eastward across billowy green plains, much more picturesque now than the monotonous stretches to the north, toward Lemberg, that strange cosmopolitan city of a hundred and fifty thousand people, rising from the plains way off beyond where anyone ever expects to see a tower thrust skyward from the earth. And then one dry, hot noon I reached Zborow, once one of the two places of importance between Lemberg and Tarnopol, with its summer races and pensions, and one of the gayest little towns in all Galicia. Now, though a few buildings still stand, it is a rather complete ruin, which does not prevent it, however, from acting as a child-kitchen distributing center for sixty points, some of them villages and others mere congeries of dugouts. It was in one of these, before their "demonstrator" arrived, that a bewildered people decided that Americans must have meant the strange brown powder (cocoa) to be boiled with potatoes, while in another the cook welcomed it as a heaven-sent gift of paint with which she proceeded to beautify her shabby kitchen!

It was Ascension Day in Zborow, the third distinct Ascension Day I had stumbled into in this land of bewildering religions, and the people, in their brightest kerchiefs and garments, were gathered picturesquely within and about an Orthodox church, an Orthodox Greek church, a Uniate Greek church, a surviving mosque, a synagogue, and a Catholic church. In America we might pass all their varying

domes and spirals untroubled, but here, where they still represent primitive forces of separation and cohesion, the scene takes on new meaning. Incidentally, there are, à propos of fête and saint days, about one hundred and seventy-five legal working days in Poland, which has not yet passed a law as Yugo Slavia has, increasing their number.

In a village near Zborow, Jaroslawitce, mostly thatched clay huts above ground, though a few families are huddling in caves beneath the ruins of the great castle, I found the feeding kitchen but a tiny wooden hut. Inside it, in one corner, was a miniature brick stove, bearing the rice and cocoa kettles, with the baby's crib pushed up close to it, and just room besides for two other cots and a cat. When I asked how many children were being fed daily, the sturdy mistress, apparently on the defensive, exclaimed, "But, madame, I cannot more than twenty-four. I tried for eighty, but I had to make the fire so hot to cook for eighty, that I burned down all my house. So the American Captain does let the others take their rice home, which is against all the rules. He understands I cannot burn down my house again!"

I was pleased to happen upon this irregularity of Mr. Hoover's representative in East Galicia. He is a good executive and he meets a situation like this in the true American manner. I happened to cross to Belgium with him in early 1916, when he was fresh from college and eager to help anywhere along the line. He began in a clerical post in the Brussels office. I was not surprised to find him four years later, here on the Eastern beach, with two lithe black dogs as his immediate family, and with a quarter of a million boys and girls as his family at large. This young man is more ardently American (and he is typical of the group I know working in Europe) than he ever could have been had he not learned to measure American values on a world rule. For example, while he stands for service at any misery point, he would yet most zealously guard our own port gates. He has won some very real knowledge on the subject of immigration and he is longing to see misery ended and the chance to go home to put his convictions into practice.

Though after our visit to Jaroslawitce we were hungry, we could not consider eating our few luncheon sandwiches within sight of the miserable little village, with its kitchen

for twenty-four. So we pressed forward over the plain and up on to a plateau overlooking a battlefield still marked by wire and concrete wreckage, where the Russians made another stand after their retreat before Mackensen's push in 1917. This great, mournful field is but a part of the vast devastated plain stretching from Riga to Roumania. Here we seemed safely out of sight of anyone, and in our open car we set about unwrapping the few sandwiches that had cost three hundred marks, and I remembered, as I helped, that the Polish second Lieutenant accompanying us receives exactly four hundred marks salary each month!

As I was, despite everything, enjoying the brilliant sunshine and the untrammelled look forward, and was ready to bite into my second sandwich, I had suddenly the curious sense of someone or something near. I said so, and we turned about to look upon a group of six ragged boys of varying stature. They were not begging, they had just somehow crept up from the grassy plain to discover what we were and were silently regarding us. On a rapid count, we found we could offer each a sandwich.

It is difficult yet, without misty eyes, to recall the six, as, after touching their ragged caps, they grouped, with heads bent above their treasure, to examine and whisper over it. In reality, only five grouped, for the smallest boy—about six he would be had he grown under normal conditions, he may really have been ten or twelve—had no sooner realized what he had in his hand, than he began to run like a rabbit across the plain, on toward some mother, hidden from us somewhere in the green vista.

To one who has not seen a railroad train on the Eastern war beach, the sight is worth seeking. The one between Lemberg and Tarnopol had been running only a month when I first saw it, silhouetted against the far sky. There was no accustomed level top line, but an irregular outline curving over the clustered heads and shoulders of the dozens who had somehow managed to crawl up to the car roofs; and no level lower line because from platforms and steps, the legs of those sticking to hard-won spaces dangled, sometimes almost reaching the rails. As the diminutive engine puffed cautiously nearer, I distinguished bright kerchiefs and stockings, and realized that the wearers were Ruthenians (the name given Ukrainians who have lived under Austrian rule) celebrating the Orthodox Ascension



Day. All the arms and heads that could humanely push through each window stuck out along the train side, and between them I could see the densely wedged, standing companies within—children, women, men, not room for a lath between them. That kind of train with its packed, bulging, protruding dangling humanity is a rather unforgettable sight. And they were proceeding good-naturedly on the whole, even gaily; for after all, was not this a train?

My motor soon left it far behind; for I was hurrying back to Lemberg, that strange city where East meets West, and where little boys and old grandmothers wear the military cross for having served in its defense in November, 1918. And as I write it is rumored that Lemberg has again been taken by that dread and merciless Bolshevik army. The rumor is denied, but one's heart aches for the young boys and the old grandmothers who must again be standing ready at their posts. And for the young women soldiers, the *Legionistes*, in their trim khaki uniforms with weapons at their belts, who are solemnly, bravely drilling.

Through the dust of a cross-street as I re-entered the city, I caught sight of another group of trim young women, attractively uniformed in blue, "The Polish Grays," my officer volunteered, "born in America of Polish parents, thirty of them trained and brought across by the Y. W. C. A., then early turned over to the Hoover organization to help install and inspect kitchens. But they are all doing other work besides," he added, "and are generally off on the frontiers, at the blackest misery points. It is a miracle that they have so far escaped typhus, and worse. You happen to see that group on the city street today because this is the East Galicia headquarters; tomorrow they will make off for the four points of the compass. That is their leader, the slim, dark-haired, hazel-eyed one, in the middle, Miss Koslowska, one of the quietest, sweetest, wisest little women I have ever seen at work. Her people are from near Vilna, but she was born in Pennsylvania. She says she will not return to the United States in July when this year's volunteer service ends, but will stay on,—her mother's country has won her heart.

"You should have seen those girls last winter," he said proudly, "when the sixty-five thousand clothing outfits arrived, how swiftly they cut their demonstration patterns, swung knapsacks over their shoulders, and in bitter Decem-

ber started off in straw carts or trains, or on foot, to organize distribution centers. Miss Anna, there, was one to make her way in a hay wagon to a far, cold village, which she found apparently deserted. Finally, a ragged little boy explained that the villagers had gone in a body to a railway station to wait for a train, for they had heard an American Mission was to come to them. In these regions today everything American, important or unimportant, group or individual, is covered by the all-honored and all-embracing title, *Misja Amerykanska*. 'Go and tell them to come home—it's here,' Anna laughed. And the little boy ran off through the mud."

The following morning I went to the "Polish Gray" headquarters to ask Miss Kosłowska if she had not, aside from her big kitchen responsibilities, some special lesser enterprises afoot. She smiled back at me. "Oh, yes, naturally. Would you like to come with me to my Working Girl's Home?" We hurried to a freshly-scrubbed building, where an eager cook was already installed in a prospective kitchen, and where thirty Red Cross beds were set up in two airy rooms. "Six hundred working women between twelve and thirty years old, are begging to come to these thirty beds," Miss Kosłowska said. "And as you see I have as yet no bedding for the thirty. However, it will be found, and in the end I shall have enough homes for all the six hundred. Four Polish women are ready to assume the direction for me. The chief difficulty will be coal." And on the spot we arranged that a certain American woman I knew would pay for two carloads of coal, if the American representative could somehow secure that amount. Since it was still May, there was just the chance that he might succeed; after July, there would be little hope.

From the Home we drove several kilometers beyond the city, to a sweet spot in a little pine wood, where Miss Kosłowska had set up some big army tents about a sunny main building, and put three charity sisters in charge of forty babies she had already extracted from frightful places of damp and misery in Lemberg. When we arrived they were out playing among piles of brick and sand, having sun-baths on their pitiful infected skins. And then with astonishment I watched Miss K. draw tiny dolls from her blouse, picture cards from her cuffs, trinkets from her hat, and smiling, silently slip them into little outstretched hands.

On the way home, we passed an unusual number of the long, cradle-like, with-plaited wagons of the region. Few horses are motor-broken, and each family tucked away in the straw of the cradle seemed doomed to be tossed into the road-side ditch before we got by it. Usually the driver leaped down to cover his horse's eyes, while the wife in her bright kerchief and beads sat quietly in the straw waiting to be tossed, or to escape, as the case might be!

If the war were ended, and the coal famine and the bed and room famine were ended, Cracow would be one of the loveliest old towns in the world to seek out and to linger in. But hardly yet. The traveler in Europe, and especially in Eastern Europe, who achieves, perhaps, a month-old paper, reads with a sardonic grin that several thousand Americans are about to cross the Atlantic. "Let them come," he says, "let them try just the famous 'train de luxe' trip from Paris to Warsaw, and then for a bed for a night anywhere, and to get a place in another train out for anywhere, and they will beg to be taken aboard any boat westward bound, from any port, large or small!"

Since I had not carried them with me, my telegrams to Cracow announcing my return had naturally failed to arrive, and I encountered the long-familiar, "unfortunately not a single room or bed in this hotel, or in the entire city—nothing for days." "Trains out? No place left for this month. Diplomatic passport—that avails nothing. Packet of official letters—also, nothing!" I had, to be sure, tucked away in my bag two personal letters to families with whom I knew I could find hospitality, but since I lacked the exuberant energy necessary to combine "visiting" with work, I left them where they were, and deposited my bag and knapsack on the floor—to wait. By night Mr. Hoover's representative might return from a plebiscite district, and be able to help me out. He did return and generously suggested that I take his bed while he improvised a cot in the corridor. But when we reached the third floor back, he found that his room either was, or had been, occupied. And then a Miss V., an English girl, wearing two rows of decorations, who worked in a nearby prison camp, hurried out of the adjoining room to explain that she had just had to slip a British soldier convalescing from typhus, still skin and bone, and with nowhere to lay his head, into that room—but that he had just left. The typhus hospital clothes

lay in a heap on the floor, and the American captain remarked grimly that he would personally superintend the cleaning of the room before I, or anyone else, passed the night in it.

Miss V. invited me next door, to wait—she was just in from a hard day at Dabie prison camp. “I don’t think there is any danger, I haven’t brought one home yet,” she laughed, twitching to scratch her shoulder; “though there’s nothing but Divine Providence to explain why I haven’t. It’s one of the worst nests in all Europe—five thousand Bolshevik prisoners packed into it—and some wives of officers and children along with them. I came up to Galicia for a bit of a rest and stumbled onto this ghastly thing, and of course I have had to stay. Yes, I am the only English woman here, but a number of people are sending me things and helping in various ways. The Captain, for instance, is giving me Hoover food, and I’m starting a children’s kitchen there tomorrow. One really can’t blame the Poles for its being so bad, they are employing the only system they have known, the one that was practiced upon them. And they haven’t energy or food to spare yet to set this right. But that doesn’t prevent it’s being a ghastly business.” She went over to a table to busy herself with some raffia with which she was trying to teach a few men to make shoes, while I read through a pile of prisoners’ letters on her desk, most of them pretty heart-breaking appeals.

And then I started off to see the Comtesse Borowska, Inspector of Child Kitchens for West Galicia. I found her, with her husband and a charming daughter of seventeen, living in four rooms, two of which served as offices and work-rooms during the day. Once the owners of a beautiful chateau near Lublin, they had seen it completely ravaged by the Bolsheviki, and I found them accepting their fate with a dignity and calm courage difficult to describe. A recurrent note in their conversation was the phrase, “*Rien est perdu.*”

When Madame found out where I was to sleep, she called a swift family conference. “It cannot, it shall not be allowed,” she insisted, “we have learned to take no chances with typhus. Here is a sofa, I will sleep on that, it will not in the least inconvenience me, since I typewrite till two or later in this room every night. You will take

my little bed in the next room, and, if you prefer, may slip downstairs at four in the morning to continue your journey, without waking us. You will find a thermos bottle with tea on a table and some bread and cheese, all we have to offer you—*voilà, tout!* It's all perfectly simple. Come back you must." "And if you prefer," her husband added laughing, "we can make a night of talking."

And shortly after ten o'clock I did return, and I did slip away in the rain at four without waking these kind friends, for we had talked far into the night. They had somehow managed to save from the otherwise complete ruin a few books, among them one of Bret Harte's, and an album of snap-shots, which helped me to follow their happier days. And then I listened to the calm recital of a story I cannot attempt to retell. It ended with the all but miraculous escape of the mother and daughter disguised as Bolshevik soldiers, while the father, and the two sons now fighting on the Bolshevik front, were forced to watch the destruction of all they cherished. Then followed the wonderful re-union and the beginning of relief work in Cracow. The daughter had enrolled in the agricultural department of the university and hoped to manage a small experimental and producing farm this summer.

I found an exquisite bit of old handiwork pinned to the wall beside my narrow bed, and in this simple room I washed my hands in a lovely little silver bowl—there were just these two visible links with the past.

I had not heard even the suggestion of complaint, not anything but a superb acceptance of destiny; all thought seemed concentrated on the Poland to be; all desire was to work. "*L'avenir est au travail!*" One felt that the terrific tragedy in which they had been, not the on-lookers, but the actors, had worked in them through the emotions of pity and fear, the supreme Katharsis. The wanderer goes from their rude roof, very humble, but at the same time fresh-anoplied in courage.

"The future is work"—that is indeed the slogan of Polish women today. Everywhere in the thousands of children's dining-rooms, in the hospitals, in the co-operative shops and homes for working women, in the trades' classes, and as they were drilling on the street,—in all their varied undertakings, I felt them courageously repeating these words.

And then after I returned to Warsaw and was, in fact, just about to leave for America, I went to a big meeting of the Professional and Business Women's Club, where one recognized the same thought breathing through every utterance. This meeting was, in a way, more interesting than any other I attended in Poland.

The Warsaw group is part of a national Professional and Business Women's Organization, similar to the one recently formed in our own country. And they had gathered to honor and to exchange views with Miss Lathrop of our Children's Bureau, who had come across the border from Czeko-Slovakia, where she had been studying that new republic's undertakings for its women and children.

The Polish women chose to hold their reception in a large and imposing room of the Hotel de Ville, but beyond that all arrangements were distinctly informal. They came in costumes varying from uniform and tailor suit to simple evening dress—nothing more elaborate; for it is still considered extremely bad form in Poland and as failing to recognize her still desperate plight, to appear in public in full evening dress. Quantities of pink and white hawthorn had been used with beautiful effect all above the high-ceilinged white hall, and on the little tea and sandwich tables dotting the wide spaces. About these tables and at the long "Honor table," near which Miss Lathrop was supposed to remain, people clustered in animated little companies. At no moment except during the speeches did the rapid-fire conversation cease. To the onlooker these women seemed to possess tremendous vitality and power. The speeches themselves, except those of Miss Lathrop and the reception committee, were made, apparently spontaneously, from any point in the hall—model speeches, brief and vivid.

The tall, very handsome and brilliant-minded Madame Sktodowska, a sister of the famous scientist, Madame Curie, whom many of us forget is a Pole, was the chairman of the evening, and she had about her the five women members of the National Diet, the seven women of the Warsaw Municipal Council, jurists, physicians, professors of political economy, and women from nearly all branches of industry. It would be difficult to meet a more distinguished company.

The common note in the speeches was gratitude toward

and faith in their Sister Republic, the United States. They did not try to minimize the terrific task before them, but they faced it with hearts high.

Any climax of interest, indicated by clapping was also stressed by the orchestra, which played some brief, lovely song or interlude—and many times we rose to the Star Spangled Banner and the Polish hymn. Emotion seemed to fail to reach necessary expression until music had carried on the paragraph. And I could understand, how after years of repression in speech, these women rely on music more than we do.

They were delighted with Miss Lathrop's message, and pressed about her with eager questions. Then suddenly off in a corner we heard singing. A little group of girl-soldiers, in trim uniforms and with loaded pistols at their belts, were half chanting old folk songs. From song to song they modulated, and as I looked over the sea of rapt faces and at those of the girl warriors as they voiced the age-old sorrows and hopes of their people, I thought I had had just a little glimpse into the heart of Poland.

CHARLOTTE KELLOGG.